

All American Queen

Chapter 10

"How do I look?"

My roommates looked me up and down, glanced at each other and nodded in silent agreement.

"You look," Rock said simply, "like shit."

"I've seen bums with more style than you," Twig agreed.

I looked down at myself.

It couldn't be *that* bad.

White button-up shirt with the top two buttons left undone, sleeves rolled up to my elbows. A clean pair of jeans, which I'd tucked the shirt into. Plain black sneakers – a perfect middle ground between formal shoes and every-day sneakers. Though I couldn't see myself, I'd put a little gel in my hair too. Swept it back so it looked nice and neat.

I'd been going for a 'casual but stylish' aesthetic. Not overly formal, but not sloppy or half-assed either.

When I looked up again, both my roomies were smirking.

"Assholes," I sighed, unable to keep a smile from my face. "Fuck both of you."

"Hey," Twig chuckled. "When Charlotte dumps your ass for your horrible fashion sense, don't come crying to us. I have no idea how you scored a girl like her, but it's only a matter of time before she drops you for a man with *class*."

"Oh yeah?" I rolled my eyes. "And who would *that* be?"

"Yours truly, of course." Twig grinned.

"You look fine," Rock grunted. "Still one ugly son of a bitch, but no fixing that."

"Fuckers."

A minute later, I was stepping out of the dorm room – double checking my pockets, making sure I hadn't forgotten my keys or condoms. As I was closing the door, Twig called out after me.

"Don't forget to give her my number this time!"

Then I was on my way, walking through the dorms and out into the open air. Cool, crisp, evening air.

I went over the date plan again and again as I made my way to the campus parking lot, thinking over everything and making sure it was all solid. I wouldn't have complete control over how the date played out, but I was confident it'd go smoothly.

If it didn't... Well, I could cross that bridge if and when it came to it.

When I got to my car, I found Charlotte waiting for me.

Bright blonde hair, beautiful blue eyes, a nervous but happy smile. She was wearing a simple dress, moderate heels, a light layer of make-up. In the dying, evening light, she looked absolutely gorgeous. An angel with the body of a succubus.

"Hey," she said as I approached. "You look nice."

I grinned at her, unlocked the car, climbed in.

Charlotte took the front passenger seat, blushed when I put my hand on her leg - just above her knee.

"You know," I said, slowly sliding the hand up her leg, "we could have a bit of fun, if you want. There's a quiet spot not too far from here. A place no-one will see us."

She considered it. Pursed her lips and thought for a second.

Then she shook her head, cheeks redder than ever.

"We'll be late," Charlotte said softly. "Maybe... Maybe next time."

The drive to our destination didn't take too long. Twenty minutes or so. I sat back and watched as Charlotte climbed out of the car, eyes locked onto her perfect backside. Then I climbed out myself, took in the surroundings.

Tall buildings all around. Towering over us, concrete and glass and metal. Not a hint of green in sight.

We weren't at the city centre, but were close enough to it that the roads were packed with cars and the sidewalks were filled with people. The hum of the city - engines and footsteps and voices and a thousand other noises, all merging together into an ever-present din.

I took Charlotte by the hand, led her to a building entrance.

An elevator ride later, we were on one of the uppermost floors.

A long corridor stretched before us, doors on either side that were spaced very far apart. Each one leading to a spacious and expensive apartment. Not the small, cramped spaces most people could barely afford to live in - no, the apartments on this floor were the kind that put most *houses* to shame with how much space they had to offer.

I had no idea how much one of these apartments must cost, but I was confident they were - and would always be - well outside my price range. By multiple digits, most likely.

Gulping, heart thumping in my chest, I walked hand-in-hand with Charlotte down the corridor, searching for the right door.

"I think it's this one," Charlotte whispered beside me.

I followed her gaze, nodded my head when I saw the door number.

"Not too late to turn back," I told her. "If you want."

She shook her head.

"Alright," I smiled. "Good. I've been looking forward to this date all week."

We walked up to the door, pressed the buzzer beside it. There was a camera there, above the buzzer. A small speaker too, and probably a tiny microphone built into it. We didn't have to wait long before a woman's voice sounded from a small speaker.

"I'll be down in a moment," the voice said happily.

Down? Did her apartment have *multiple* floors?

I glanced at Charlotte, smiled at her wide, puppy-dog eyes.

"Fuck," I whispered to her. "Forgot to bring flowers."

The door opened.

Penelope. Penny, for short.

A cute girl with a tropical tan, lush black hair, dark irises. On the shorter side, though she wore high heels to make up for it. An hourglass figure, though I was fairly certain that she had breast implants - it was hard to tell without seeing her naked, which I hadn't. Yet.

She was wearing a sparkling, crimson dress that screamed wealth and opulence. Strapless shoulders, bare arms, cleavage for days. The dress was so low on her chest that I was amazed it wasn't falling down. And the dress skirt, which technically modest in that it reached down to almost her ankles - though that'd be ignoring the leg slit that ended at her waist.

Bright red lips curled into a welcoming smile.

"Come on in," Penny said with a wink. "Food's almost done cooking. Make yourself comfortable. And you," her gaze flicked to Charlotte, "follow me."

We sat at a small, cosy little table. Two seats, two plates. Just me and Penny, with a fancy candle lit between us. The room's lights were set to dim, and there was a speaker somewhere playing slow, sexy music - lots of saxophones and pianos.

It was the most date-like date I'd ever had, I was certain. My idea of a good date was hanging out at a fast-food joint, or going to watch a film and chatting endlessly about it afterwards, or even just chilling on a beach. Down to earth stuff. No fancy suits or five course meals.

But, I did have to admit, there was something charming about having an elegant, refined woman sitting opposite me - holding knife and fork delicately and smiling radiantly.

"So," Penny said between bites, "why are we here?"

"Because you didn't want to go to the burger place I suggested," I grunted. "Which is too bad. They make the best bacon tower burgers. Your loss, really."

She stared at me, waited.

"You don't bully Charlotte," I said. "Not like the other girls do. You go easy on her. Why is that?"

"You asked me out on a date so we could talk about why I don't bully your girlfriend? I don't buy it. Why are you *really* here?"

She reached for her wine glass, took a slow sip. Her eyes never left my face.

"Tilly," I sighed. "What's her deal?"

"That's more like it," Penny smirked.

She set her wine glass down, examined me.

"She's a controlling bitch," Penny said. "Rich parents who never said no, nannies and mansion staff that were too afraid to discipline her, a powerful and prestigious family. She probably sees herself as royalty. Above everyone else."

"I get that," I nodded my head, leaned back in my chair. "But there's gotta be more to it. The way she treats Charlotte. And the fact that almost everyone else in the sorority sucks up to her so much..."

"Almost everyone else," Penny smiled. "But not me."

"And why's that?" I asked. *Why aren't you afraid of her?*

Tilly was a problem. Rather than playing along and having harmless fun at Charlotte's expense, keeping everything light and easy, she was making things more difficult. Pushing boundaries, stretching the contract we'd all sighed to suit her desires. Slowly, she was trying to seize control of Charlotte - and that was something I *couldn't* allow.

Which meant she had to go. One way or another, I had to remove Tilly from the equation. Either by putting her in line, or by taking the sorority from her.

"Why would I?" Penny shrugged, smile widening. "She can't do anything to threaten me."

I wanted to ask more - sift for more information - but I held back, returned to eating. Didn't want to seem too eager or enthusiastic, and I certainly didn't want to give Penny the chance to figure out my plans. Not yet. Not until I knew if I could count on her or not.

We ate the main course, chatting about inconsequential things and getting to know each other a little. The food was good. Better than I'd been expecting.

When Charlotte brought in desserts for us, curtsying like a proper little server, Penny smiled at her.

"There's a bottle of Merde Trop Chère in the kitchen," Penny said. "The cabinet by the fridge, to the right. Be a darling and fetch it for me."

Charlotte curtsied again, rushed off to the kitchen.

"She really enjoys it, huh?" Penny said softly. "I'd wondered if she actually liked it, or if she was simply so enamoured with you that she tolerated the abuse."

"She enjoys it," I smiled. "Maybe a little too much."

"Fascinating."

Charlotte returned with a bottle of wine, placed it on the table before standing back - hands behind her back, chin up, cheeks red. Falling into the role of waitress like she'd been born to it. She'd be loving every second of this - watching a date between her boyfriend and another woman, facilitating it. Watching a wealthier, more refined woman woo and seduce her man.

Penny helped herself to a glass of wine, looked down at her dessert. A sly smile crossed her lips. She shot a quick glance at Charlotte before looking to me.

"I've changed my mind," she told me. "*This* isn't what I want for dessert."

"Oh?" I asked, heart thrumming in anticipation.

"Why don't we go to my bedroom?" Penny smiled. "I'm sure we'll find *something* there for me to fill my mouth with."

Penny kicked the bedroom door shut in Charlotte's face. My girlfriend, it appeared, was not invited to the after-dinner entertainment. She'd have to stand there, on the other side of the door, and listen.

I reached for my shirt, began undoing buttons. At least, until Penny stopped me. She took my hands, placed them on her hips, stepped in close.

"You're a lucky guy," she whispered into my ear. "A knockout babe for a girlfriend, who lets you fuck any girl you want? Most guys would kill for what you have."

Her hand slid down my torso, gliding down to my pants.

"I know what you want," she purred. "Why you're *really* here."

She grabbed my bulge, squeezed.

"You want my help," she said, pressing her lips to my neck. "To deal with Tilly. You want the sorority all to yourself..."

"Maybe," I grunted.

She giggled, pushed me back. I hit her bed, stumbled backwards onto it. A moment later, she was on top of me. Tugging down my jeans with one hand, reaching up her dress skirt with the other.

"I should be loud, huh?" Penny laughed. "Make sure Charlotte hears everything. Want me to scream and rave about how good you are, how I'm going to make you mine?"

"That'd great," I smirked. "Maybe add a lil' about how hideous Charlotte is, how she doesn't deserve me. She loves that."

Penny tilted her head back, let out a loud, musical laugh.

"Unbelievable," she breathed when she was done laughing.

She looked down at me, brandished something above my face.

It took me a moment to realise it was a pair of panties. Red and black; a naughty, revealing pair.

"Open wide," she said with a smile. "I'll be loud enough for the both of us."

Curious, and more than a little aroused, I decided to play along. Opened my mouth and let Penny shove her panties in there, gagging me with them.

"Good," she giggled. "Now let's have some fun, shall we?"

I sat up in bed, hands behind my head. Watching.

Penny opened the bedroom door, reached around the corner. A moment later, she was dragging Charlotte into the room by her hand. A naked, tanned girl with black hair tugging along a beautiful, busty blonde in a cute dress.

Charlotte's eyes were wide open. Scared and uncertain, but compliant all the same. Obedient.

"Here," Penny said, standing at the foot of the bed. "Get down onto your knees. Right there."

Charlotte slid to the floor, knelt at the foot of the bed. Penny sat down on the bed's edge, legs spread open with her crotch to Charlotte's face.

"I was a rude host earlier," Penny said, a teasing edge to her voice. "Eating food with my date, leaving nothing for you. You must be starving."

Charlotte shot a wide-eyed glance at me.

"Don't look at him," Penny snapped. "Look at me. Look at *it*."

Charlotte obeyed, stared between Penny's legs.

"It's your dinner," Penny said. "Eat up."

Interesting. In that moment, I got the very distinct impression that Penny was into girls. More than she was into guys, it seemed. Not a lesbian - she'd been too eager bouncing on my cock for that. But bi with strong leanings towards girls, perhaps.

Charlotte leaned in, began tentatively kissing Penny's cunt. Then, as she gained a bit of confidence, her tongue came out. Gentle, probing licks.

"You look good there," Penny told her. "A pretty face playing with a pretty pussy. It's like you were made for this."

I watched silently, wanting to see how this would play out.

Penny wasn't one of the girls who usually liked to toy with Charlotte. She'd done it before, but rarely. And never on her own like this.

She patted Charlotte's head, stroked her hair.

"Your boyfriend eats pussy better than you," Penny said. "And I'm sure half the sorority girls are better at sucking his cock than you are. You've got looks, sure... But in every other department, you're terrible. No wonder he'd rather spend his time with me and the others."

Charlotte moaned into Penny's pussy, started eating her out more vigorously.

"That makes you horny, doesn't it? Turns you on, knowing your boyfriend would rather have someone else - anyone else - over you. That's pathetic, Charlotte. It's sad. You should be ashamed."

She was ashamed. That shame was Charlotte's aphrodisiac.

"Keep going," Penny told Charlotte in a soft voice.

Then she turned to look at me.

"I know what you want," she said, resting her hand on my girlfriend's head. "And I can help you with it. But not for free. I want something in return..."

"So," Twig grinned. "How was the date?"

"Good," I shrugged, hopping onto my bed. "Had a nice dinner with a cute waitress. Spent an hour or two in bed. It was a good date, all in all."

"An *hour* or two?" Twig rolled his eyes. "More like a *minute* or two."

"Yeah, yeah," I grinned. "Whatever you say."

Rock, it seemed, was already asleep. Trust Twig to wait up for me. No doubt, he was hoping for dirty details.

"So," he said, sitting down on his bed. "Charlotte tell you about any of her sorority friends? Maybe any that are single?"

"You know," I smiled, "I have a feeling most of them are single. And those that aren't probably don't care much about getting dirty behind their boyfriend's backs. From what I hear about that sorority, it's constant sex and action behind closed doors."

"Oh yeah?" Twig asked, perking up.

"Yup. Pillow fights and borrowing each other's dildos and all kinds of nasty stuff. Just imagine a big, never-ending sleepover porno. Spin the bottle, kissing in closets, they've probably got a step-bro locked away somewhere for special occasions too. Real sluthouse right there."

Twig narrowed his eyes at me. "Real funny," he grumbled.

"What? Don't you wanna hear about the weekly lesbian orgy? Those are a blast. I get invited to them every time. Ya know, 'cause I'm Charlotte's boyfriend 'n' all. They treat me like royalty over there."

"Fuck you," Twig muttered, flopping onto his bed and turning away from me. "Asshole."

I was tucking myself in when I got a text.

It was from Penny, mentioning the upcoming weekly 'everyone abuse Charlotte in a massive orgy' event. She wanted to know my plans, what I had in store for Tilly, how I was planning on taking over the sorority.

I left her on read.

Until now, I'd been more than happy to drift along - having fun with Charlotte, and other women for Charlotte's benefit. But I'd never really had *plans*. No grand scheme to

create a harem or add other women under my control. I was happy with my amazing, beautiful, blonde girlfriend.

But Tilly was forcing my hand.

Il didn't want to dominate the sorority, put all those girls in line. But, if that bitch was intent on pushing boundaries and going against me, I had no choice.

Charlotte was enough for me.

But I wouldn't stop until I had *all* of them. The entire sorority under my boot. Whatever it took - deals and manipulation and power plays - I'd do.

I didn't *want* to be king of Tilly's bitchdom.

But I couldn't allow Tilly to be the queen either.

So a king was what I'd have to be.